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## THE PUFFIN AT HOME



**T**he puffin is the Chinaman of the bird world. He alone among his kind has that fold of skin at the inner angle of the eye that under the name of the third eyelid makes the Mongolian eye such a distinctive feature of his human representative. This setting of the eye in an oblique clink gives the puffin that fixed, quizzical expression which has led most observers to call it a quaint-looking bird, but which to me irresistibly calls to mind the Chinaman's bland-looking face that, like a mask, gives no sign of the working of the inner mind.

It is a disappointment, after seeing your first puffin at close quarters at his home in puffin-town, to turn up his description in any bird-book and find, after all the meticulous description of his feathers and the order of the colors on his rainbow-tinted beak, that this distinctive feature of the screwed-up eye is never mentioned. The illustrations in these books are as disappointing as the text, the eye being as much like a rabbit's as a puffin's. Besides the Mongolian eye, he has the Mongolian secretiveness as well. In offensive and unobtrusive, he is silent as he stands upright, or moves about somewhat uncertainly on his dapper little red legs among the noisy crowd on the rocks. It is only from the depths of his burrow in the spongy red soil, or from his chink among the lichen-covered rocks, that the sound of his language reaches your ear. In the privacy of his home he now and then utters strange sounds that when first heard resemble somewhat in their subdued intonation the distant howling of cattle or shouting of men. But when you know him better you will fancy you can hear in his deep, mournful "Arrh!" a weary sigh indicative of his fate. For he is the patient cooie of the shore, with worse than indentured labor for his fate. All the ruling classes look to him to provide them with an easy meal. Every time the proud peregrine's offspring in the eyrie whimper for food a puffin somewhere has to pay toll by giving up the ghost; and yet, although this is almost an hourly occurrence on a summer's day, the other puffins continue uncomplaining and unheeding.

A model parent the puffin must be, for though it lays but a single egg, it manages to maintain its numbers year after year, in spite of the heaviest taxation. There is no colony of the lesser black-backed gull, where puffins breed, that is not strewn with the corpses of this humble little bird. Were I a puffin, this is the fate I should most resent. The peregrine at least wastes nothing, leaves nothing but the beak and legs; but the cold-blooded gull simply disembowels the poor bird and leaves the rest to rot. I have never seen the tragedy of its death, whether it is killed on land or as it swims on the sea or as it flies through the air; but, were I a hungry bird of prey, I think it would tempt me most as it skims through the air. For all the world it looks like a fat mackerel fitted with a pair of wings which hardly seem strong enough to carry its plump little body to its destination. In fact, as it whirrs up from the sea to its burrow, as likely as not it will turn head over heels as it strikes the ground and then get up and make a wry face as it spits the dirt out of its mouth; or else it will dash headlong against a rock with a smack that you would think would kill it, and then look round as stupidly as a sheep that in its blundering course fulfils its fate as mutton. Although each colony of lesser black-backs shows the bloody tribute of the unfortunate puffin, that of the greater black-back shows no evidence of this kind.

In the whole community of a hundred nests of this ruler of the archipelago, for not with the lesser peregrine disputes his way there, was not a single puffin corpse to be seen.

Unfortunately, for all the immaculate whiteness of his head and neck, he has the same tell-tale blood fleck ornamenting his lower jaw as has his lesser relative; he has the same cold eye, and even a blacker back, a real sooty black; and if there are no traces of blood-guiltiness between the nests, mayhap it is because he goes one better than they and swallows his mutton whole. Indeed, fishermen say that he stands by the puffin's burrow like a graven image, watching patiently, and then, when at last the victim comes out, he is suddenly caught by the back of the neck, has the life shaken out of him and is then gulped down holus-bolus.

I do not wish to malign the lesser black-backed gull to the extent of suggesting by implication that it disembowels its victims while still alive. In fact, the only evidence I have is distinctly to the contrary. Mr. J. W. Parsons, late of the Farnes Lighthouse, and a most acute observer of bird-life, tells me that he once saw a lesser black-back kill a puffin. He did not see it catch the bird, but it was killed by being shaken as a terrier shakes a rat, and then ducked under water until drowned. Then the gull flew with it on to a rock and, after disembowelling it, tried many times to swallow it whole, but could not get it down. On the land the puffin's footing seems uncertain; in the air its flight is labored; therefore the place to see it at its best must be as it hunts its prey under water.

Much do I envy observers like Edmund Selous who have watched it as it wings its way beneath the waves with its scarlet legs trailing behind. As you approach in a boat a little group of puffins sitting on the water, you get an inkling of their water magic. When you get too near to them for their peace of mind but not near enough for you to see how it is done, first one and then another disappears. You see no dive, just a bird sitting motionless, and then a little swirl where was the bird. But if you want to see one of the fairy sights of bird-land, go to puffin-town and, resting your back against a convenient rock, be content to sit still for an hour. In front of you is a shelving tract of bare brown earth nearly an acre in extent, riddled in all directions with burrows that so undermine the ground that, however carefully you walk across it, a clumsy foot is sure sooner or later to break into some puffin habitation. All the puffins that your advent disturbs are bobbing up and sit in hundreds in the bay below. Presently, if you are quiet, they begin to whirl up from the sea in twos and threes and then scores and battalions. As likely as not the very first that pitch will alight within two or three yards of you. Others, as they circle round, will draw up their feet, which had been extended as if for alighting, and so pass out to sea once more. But before long puffin-town will be densely populated by its staid little inhabitants, all bearing that fixed puzzled expression that makes them look almost comical in their solemnity. Some stand still with just an occasional flapping of their wings as if to dry them, others take aimless little runs on their dapper little red legs and then stand still, looking round, as if puzzled what the next move is to be. Others fall awkwardly as they alight and promptly drop down a hole in the ground, just as the next-door neighbor maybe pops up from another hole and whirrs out to sea. In a little group of five two have caught hold of one another's beaks and are having a tussle, but whether in amity or not I cannot tell. Every now and then quite a quarter of the population will suddenly bend forward and in an instant in a great cloud are whirling out to sea, while those left behind look puzzled at their sudden departure and just as puzzled when in a few minutes all the wanderers return, each taking up its position again.

Many observers have been puzzled to understand how the puffin manages to catch one fish after another and pack each methodically across its jaws, but as Mr. King opens the beak of a dead puffin you have the answer from the puffin's own mouth, for there on its palate are the rows of barbs sloping back between which the fish are filed. There is much more to be told about this interesting little bird, especially if all were known. But puzzled as the puffin looks, there is one thing known to that little mind behind the mask, but which puzzles us, and that is the still unsolved mystery of where he spends his winter time.

FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.

### NEARLY DIES LAUGHING.

Lawrenceburg, Ind., Nov. 3.—Trading a mule off as a "shaved tail" horse appealed to the humor of S. H. Schrapp, of this city, and he began laughing. He laughed an hour, with the tears rolling down his cheeks and still he didn't stop. His friends becoming alarmed, summoned a physician, but the physician couldn't stop the hearty "ha ha." When six hours had passed and Schrapp was still convulsed, another physician was called, and still the horse traders merriment ruled. An electric battery was finally brought in to play. Just as the merry laugh had rounded out twelve hours, the trader was given a heavy electric shock, the "ha ha" ceased and Schrapp fell over exhausted. It was thought for a time that the man would die, but today he shows no ill effects from the long laugh.

### RETIREMENT ON PAY.

Washington, Nov. 4.—Retirement with pay for old Government clerks is recommended to the secretary of the treasury by M. O. Chance, auditor of the postoffice department, in his annual report, to-day. He declares an unusually large proportion of the employees of his office have passed their usefulness, and that the average of efficiency among them is below the standard. Both they and the service, he declares, would be better off if their places were filled by younger men.

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

CASTLE HALL OF ORIENTAL LODGE NO. 49 K. OF P.

WHEREAS, The great and Supreme Ruler of the Universe, has in His infinite wisdom, removed from our midst, our worthy Brother, John R. Neville, and,

WHEREAS, The intimate relation held with him as a member of our Order, reminds us that it is eminently proper that we as members of this Lodge, record our appreciation of him as a Brother; therefore,

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a life from among us, leaves a vacancy and a shadow that will be deeply realized by the members of this Lodge, and prove a serious loss to the community and to the public.

Resolved, That with deep sympathy with the bereaved relations of the deceased, we express our hope that even so great a loss to us all, may be overruled for good by Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of this Lodge, a copy furnished the local papers for publication, and a copy be forwarded to the bereaved family.

E. R. STEPHENSON,  
E. M. BISHOP,  
B. F. GIBBS,  
Committee.

### CHURCH SUES TOWN.

Parkersburg, W. Va. Nov. 1.—Twenty-five thousand dollars damages are asked of the city of Parkersburg by the St. John's Lutheran church of this city in an action brought this afternoon in return for the great water tank bursting disaster in the city in March, 1909. The church congregation spurned the city's offer of \$10,200 to settle the damage done. All other property owners who sustained losses in this disaster, and there were perhaps a hundred of them, settled with the city on its terms. The estates of three persons killed in the disaster now have suits pending against the city for \$10,000 each.

### MASON CITY COLORED MAN DEAD.

Harvey Nease, colored, dropped dead Monday of last week at his home in Mason City, of heart failure. He had been to his work of cooper in the Dixie salt works in the morning and was only able to walk, home before the fatal disease came on him. He is survived by a widow and three daughters. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, interment taking place in the Mason cemetery.—Pomeroy Tribune-Telegraph.

### TESTED AND PROVEN

There is a Heap of Solace in Being Able to Depend Upon a Well-Earned Reputation.

For months Point Pleasant readers have seen the constant expression of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills, and read about the good work they have done in this locality. Not another remedy ever produced such convincing proof of merit.

W. C. Bird, R. F. D. No. 1, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "I believe that exposure to bad weather brought on my kidney complaint. I had such trouble from the kidney secretions, the passages being too frequent and obliging me to get up often during the night. My back ached constantly and sometimes after a long drive, I could hardly alight from the rig, owing to the stiffness across my loins. I doctored off and on but did not receive any benefit. Finally I heard how effective Doan's Kidney Pills were in such cases and I procured a supply at Hooft's Drug Store. I improved at once after beginning their use and by the time I had finished the contents of four boxes, I was in the best of health. I cannot praise Doan's Kidney Pills too highly." (Statement given Dec. 18, 1907.)

### A WILLING CORROBORATION.

Mr. Bird was interviewed on June 9, 1909 and he said: "I am just as enthusiastic in my praise of Doan's Kidney Pills today as I was some years ago. I cannot say too much in favor of this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Prices 50 cents. Foster-Millburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

### LOVING CUPS, ETC.



Mrs. Newwed—Tom, I wish you'd save up and buy a yacht.  
Mr. Newwed—Why?  
Mrs. Newwed—We need so many things for the table, and winning races is such an easy way to get silverware.

Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by all dealers. nov.

### HIS STANDING



Willie—Say, pop, what's a celebrity?  
Pop—He's a man who gets mentioned about ten years after he's dead.

When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days treatment to cure it, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. Sold by all dealers. nov.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Little*  
Solely Proprietor, New York, N.Y.

## Walk Over Shoes. Styles Galore.

Get that pair of FALL WALK OVER Shoes now. We have 44 different styles to select from. Broad, medium, narrow and high toes. Plain and fancy tip. Gun Metal, Vici, Tan and Patent leathers. The selection is best now. You must buy shoes soon anyway. Buy them now. \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50.

**FRANKLIN'S**  
SHOE STORE  
STRICTLY ONE PRICE  
POINT PLEASANT - - - WEST VIRGINIA

### FOR SALE.

405 acres of land in Clenden District, Mason County, W. Va. 150 acres is improved, and about 60 acres of number one creek bottom. The balance of cleared land is in Blue grass. The remainder 350 acres is in timber. This land is within three miles of River and Railroad. Will Sell for \$11.00 per Acre.

**JOHN POTTS,**  
P. O.

POND LICK,

W. Va.

### STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

A special meeting of the Stockholders of the Waterloo, Buffalo & Winfield Telephone Co. will be held at Flat Rock School House, Mason County, West Virginia, on Saturday, the 5th day of November, 1910, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of transacting such business as may be lawfully brought before the meeting.  
GEO. T. ADKINS, Pres.  
THOS. Z. BLESSING, Sec'y.  
Oct. 12-4t.

### WANTED.

Everyone in Point Pleasant and vicinity to read the opening chapters of the new serial by Robert W. Chambers in the November number of COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE. It is the greatest novel of the year and is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

Register \$1.00 a year.

### DANDRUFF

AND ITCHING SCALP YIELD TO THIS TREATMENT.

Why experiment trying to drive the dandruff germ from underneath the skin with greasy lotions or fancy hair dressing when Van Gilder's drug store will guarantee Zemo and Zemo Soap to entirely rid the scalp of the germ life that causes the trouble.

Zemo and Zemo Soap can be obtained in any city or town in America and are recognized the best and most economical treatment for all affections of the skin or scalp whether on infant or grown person. One shampoo with Zemo Soap and application of Zemo will stop itching and cleanse the scalp of dandruff and seurf.

We invite you to try Zemo and Zemo Soap and if not entirely satisfied we will refund your money. 3

### LADY WANTED

To introduce our very complete Fall line of beautiful wool suitings, wash fabrics fancy waistings, silks, hdkfs, petticoats, etc. Up to date N. Y. City Patterns. Finest line on market. Dealing direct with the mills you will find our prices low. If others can make \$10.00 to \$30.00 weekly you can also. Samples, full instructions in neat sample case shipped express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.

STANDARD DRESS GOODS COMPANY,  
DEPT. 500 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

It is deliciously palatable, agrees with the weakest stomach, contains the most soothing, healing, strengthening and curative elements. Make it a well and happy. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.  
Sold by C. Van Gilder